

Arlington Advocate.



CHARLES S. PARKER, Editor.

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NO. 2.

A Farewell.

Farewell, days, and months and years;
Farewell, thoughts, and hopes, and fears;
Farewell, old delight and woe;
Farewell, self of long ago!
In the old familiar place
Time sped on at slower pace—
Past recall indeed you lie,
Days, and months, and years gone by,
Now the old familiar door
Shuts us out for evermore!

Farewell, house—no more our home!
Others, in the years to come,
Hither homeward will return—
On the hearth their fires will burn:
Children that we do not know
Gather round the blithe glow;
Other feet will tread the stair,
Other guests be welcomed there.
We, whose home it was before,
Shall be strangers evermore!

May be, in the years to come,
Past the house our feet may roam—
Over all a subtle change
Will have stolen and made it strange,
And the house we leave to-day
Will have vanished quite away.
In this house's joy and care
We shall have no lot nor share;
All our life herein will seem
Like a half-forgotten dream.
We shall be as ghosts, that come
Ling'ring round their ancient home,
If our feet pass evermore
Near the old familiar door.

Farewell, days, and months, and years;
Farewell, buried hopes and fears!
Where'er our footsteps stray,
Whether long or brief our stay,
Whatever good we find,
Many graves we leave behind.
So, farewell, old joy and pain,
We shall never know again!
Farewell, all things that we care!
Surely, life and warmth must cleave
To the house, when we are gone.
Can it empty seem, and lone,
When the echoes of the years,
Hopes and joys, and griefs and fears,
Scarce have died from roof and wall?
Surely, ghostly steps will fall
On the bare, dismantled floors,
Gilding in at open doors,
Flitting up and down the stair.
Will not shadows wander there—
Shades more vague than shadows are,
Or than ghosts that break death's bar?
Sure our wraiths, when we are gone,
Off will haunt the chambers lone—
Come to seek (ah, ne'er to find!)
All the years we leave behind?
Farewell, house, for evermore!
Farewell, old familiar door!
Farewell, home—yet no, not so—
Home goes with us where we go!

THE FATAL RIFLE.

It was at the battle of San Jacinto that the rifle came to my notice. We Texans having gained advantage over the Mexicans—whose first discharge had been aimed too high—rushed on while our enemies paused to reload their guns. Each man reserved his fire for some individual, so that the struggle was less a battle than a succession of duels. Without bayonets, we broke our rifles against their heads, and, with pistol or bowie-knife in hand, trampled down the dying men, plunging our blades into the breasts of the few who opposed us, into the backs of those who fled.

We were still full of memories of the Alamo. Never could we forget how the Mexicans had slaughtered every human being within its walls, save three—a woman, a child and a negro—and afterward burned the bleeding bodies in one horrible pile.

The war-cry of our band had been: "Fight for your lives, and remember the Alamo!" and the poor Mexicans, who were, after all, but the slaves of a blood-thirsty tyrant, thought of it also, and moaned as they fell: "Me no Alamo! Me no Alamo!" hoping to establish a claim for mercy, on the plea that they had no hand in that horrible affair.

In the midst of this conflict I saw my college chum, Howard Rathbone, in instant peril. I rushed to his aid. Having broken his gun over the head of one Mexican, he found himself beset by another, who cried out that he would avenge his brother's blood. As they grappled, the Mexican tried to use his rifle as my chum had his. It was in vain. Howard was the stronger. In a few moments he gained possession of the other's weapon, and struck him a blinding blow. Then, his hands being freed, he drew his bowie-knife and plunged it into the Mexican's heart. Meanwhile the savage tide of fighting men poured past. This was a little conflict by itself. Hardly any one noticed it, there were so many others. But as he fell, the dying Mexican clutched the cloth of the soldier's coat in the grip of death, and dragged him down upon his breast, where for a moment he lay as one who had cast himself upon the breast of a friend. Only a moment; but ere he had freed himself these words had been hissed into his ears:

"I curse the gun! May it prove the curse of your life!"

As the Texan struggled to his feet, wrenching the dead clutch from his jacket, he felt inclined to cast the rifle upon the ground. At that moment it was too necessary to him. The next, he was a tiger again, beset by other tigers.

"Me no Alamo!" moaned a bleeding Mexican.

He struck him down.

"Mother!" cried a boy, into whose breast he had plunged his blade.

For answer, he drove his iron heel into the face that was hardly more than a child's.

Seventeen years had passed since the battle of San Jacinto, when I went to the house of my former chum to see his daughter marry. Soon came the rustic supper, the music of two fiddles, dancing, and plenty of drinking—too much, by far, but it was the custom of the country. At last the bridegroom's father, standing beside the father of the bride, glanced up at the rifle hanging over the chimney-piece.

"Some of the relics of your fighting times, I reckon," said he.

"Yes," said Rathbone, "yes, I took that from a Mexican rascal at San Jacinto."

"Well, well," said the other, regarding the weapon with curiosity. "Sort of singular looking, ain't it? I never saw a Mexican rifle before. Can't see much of it now—it's so high up."

He had been drinking a good deal and was in high spirits. The same might have been said of the old soldier.

"I'll have 't down," said he, "and let you see it."

He mounted on a chair and took the weapon in his hands, the thongs by which it was slung remaining on their nails.

"Here you are, friend," said he. "And now you've got in your hand a rifle that may have been the death of many a brave fellow at the Alamo. It's seventeen years since it was in anybody's hands, and its last shot, mayhap, was fired as a kind of salute to my girl, your boy's bride, who came into the world on that day, her mother not knowing whether she was a widow or not. Eh, mother?"

"Ah! that's a day to remember," said the wife.

"Pa has got his gun down," cried the bride. "Sam, I never saw the gun down before."

As he spoke the other man gave the rifle back into Rathbone's hands, and he stood holding it.

"You don't dare to shoot me," cried the bride. "Ah! pa, you're not as brave as you used to be. You don't dare aim at me."

"Yes, shoot us," laughed half a dozen wild Texan girls. "Shoot us—shoot us—shoot us!"

"Then I will, my pretty robins," cried the father. "One, two, three—fly away or I fire!"

He aimed the weapon that had hung useless on the wall for seventeen years—the gun the Mexican had cursed—at his daughter. It was just as safe a thing to do, in one's opinion, as if it had been a broomstick.

"Who's afraid?" cried the girl.

"Now then, one, two, three," said the soldier. "Bang!"

As he uttered the childish imitation of the sound of firearms, it was drowned in a real explosion. The gun went off, and the bride dropped to the floor with a scream. A bullet had entered her temple. She was dead when they lifted her in their arms. It was plain that, seventeen years before, the Mexican who had owned it had not fired after reloading. His dying words had been fulfilled. His gun had proved a curse to its captor. But how?

I am not willing to admit supernatural agency. I maintain the gun exploded in accordance with the laws of loading and of friction. If men would only try to trace mysterious events to their source, superstition would soon cease. For one, I believe nothing ever occurred which could not be explained. That this is not the common opinion, the narrator is well aware.

But amid all his agony and remorse, my old chum persisted in one statement: He had not pulled the trigger. Those who had watched him closely, veterans expert in the use of firearms, declared that he had not—that the rifle seemed to fire itself off. All that the father could say was: "The gun is cursed. The Mexican cursed the gun."

To comfort him, we all agreed it was so. Indeed, I am not sure but they all thought it. Inwardly, I resolved to ferret out the mystery.

The horrible accident nearly broke his heart. He had been a fine-looking, upright, middle-aged man when his daughter's wedding day dawned; when he arose from the bed on which a long and terrible illness laid him, he was bent like a patriarch of ninety, and his hair,

from being brown and rich, was thin and white as snow.

As for the gun the Mexican had cursed, the soldier had never seen it since that day.

Strong in her tenderness for the father, even in her grief for her child, the mother had overcome her horror of the dreadful thing, and had carried it to the great garret. There she hid it in a lumber closet, so that it might not trouble her unhappy husband should his eyes ever look upon the things of this world again. He had never asked about it; he believed it had been destroyed. He did not know that the powder-horn and shot-bag hung beside it.

Again I was making my annual visit at the old homestead. It was a warm day, and my former chum had been afield since dawn. At noon his job was done, and the boys who had toiled with him followed him home, full of glee that their work was over.

"I shall take a nap, lads," he said, after dinner. "As for you, you can do the same, if you like, or go a fishing. There's plenty of trout in the kill, I'm told."

And as the boys both cried aloud that fishing was their choice, their father smiled upon them.

"Whatever troubles we've had, mother," he said, "we've two fine boys."

And he went to take his nap with a lighter heart than he had often had since the fatal marriage day.

But when he had fallen asleep, he began to dream strange, troubled dreams. He was at the battle of San Jacinto, and the Mexican's lips were at his ear.

"I cursed the gun," he heard again: "May it prove a curse to you!"

Other guns were firing all about them; he heard the noise, he smelt the smoke. Suddenly he awoke—the noise of the report of firearms was actually in his ears and he detected the odor of gunpowder.

He saw his wife on her knees in the middle of the room.

"What has happened?" he cried.

"I do not know," sobbed the poor woman.

"I heard a noise—I am frightened!" Then they rushed together to the garret, whence came a sound of groans.

Meanwhile I had heard the boys go past my room and up the garret stairs, probably in search of fishing tackle. I called them back.

"Be careful, boys," I cautioned them, "about the lumber closet. There is an old gun in it that may be loaded. Don't go near it."

"All right," said Charlie. "Come on Will."

They went up stairs.

"Fishing is all very well," said the elder, but I'd like shooting better. What a pity father won't let us have guns."

He crossed the garret and opened the door of the lumber closet.

"Yes, there the old thing is. I don't believe it's loaded. What if it is? Reckon I know how to manage a gun!"

"Let's take it on the sly," said his brother. "Let it out of the window, and I'll carry it to the woods. There is the powder-flask and bullet-pouch, too. We can get some caps at the store, Charlie."

"A good idea," said Charlie, advancing toward the closet from which his brother came, trailing the gun after him. Neither of them guessed it was the weapon that had caused their sister's death. "Let's have it, Will," said he, and took it. Suddenly there was a flash, a report, and a horrible scream from the little fellow, who fell forward on his face at the feet of the elder. His prostrate form was what his wretched parents saw as we three rushed into the old garret.

The other boy stood, utterly unable to move, clutching the weapon that had caused all this.

"May God have mercy on us, it is the cursed rifle again!" cried the father. Then the boy found words.

"I swear I did not load it!" he said.

"I swear I did not touch the trigger!" And still his brother lay dead at his feet.

On the night before, I had seen a sight that might have prophesied this tragedy. Would heaven I had told of it!

The kitchen clock was striking eleven. In a country house like that people go early to bed. The family had been asleep an hour. I was reading, but paused to listen to the striking of the loud-mouthed clock. As it ceased, I fancied I heard a footfall upon the stairs. I opened the door: Slowly the noise came nearer. It had the sound that can come only from a bare foot: The next second I saw my host, Rathbone, approaching me.

"You'll catch cold, old fellow," said I. "Put on your coat."

To my surprise he answered not at all, but came slowly on.

Then I saw, for the first time, a somnambulist.

For a moment I hesitated whether to awake him. He was easily mortified; and my catching him in such a plight would prove disagreeable to us both. So I simply followed him.

He went on past my door, and up the stairs. At the garret entrance he stopped a second, then lifted the latch and entered. I was close behind.

Without the least hesitation he advanced to the lumber closet. I did not know the old rifle was there, and again I followed. The moonlight, streaming in through the chinks in the eaves and one broken window, made the dreary place quite light.

He turned the wooden button of the closet door, and drew out a powder-horn. Then he brought out a bag of shot. And then—the fatal gun.

At once I remembered it. Who, indeed, that had ever seen it could forget the heavily chased mountings of silver, the grotesquely carved butt, the enormous barrel? With the recollection there flashed upon me such a horror as I had never felt.

Still, I was powerless to move. I tried to cry out. My tongue refused.

At last I found utterance. But in the brief moment I had thought of the consequences that must follow my awaking him. Here, evidently, was the precious secret kept so long—the clue to his daughter's death. No doubt the gun had been loaded before the fatal bridal day, in the same manner, and by the same man, in the same condition of somnambulism, as I saw it was being loaded now. The father was unconscious that he was really the murderer of his daughter. He knew the gun had gone off in his hands, but ascribed it to the Mexican's curse. Why should I undeceive him? Had he not sorrow enough? So I let him be. Shuddering, I saw him ram home the charge, then put the rifle back.

Was I not right? Is there any event so seemingly supernatural, so clothed in mystery, that chance cannot make it plain as any page of Nature's laws?

The old rifle is mine. It is gleaming at me even now.

Rapid Locomotive Building.

Recently in the Michigan Central railroad shops, at Jackson, Mich., two gangs of workmen, numbering fourteen men each, attempted to put two locomotives together in the shortest time yet made. The *Detroit Free Press* says: The jacks were applied, the huge boilers were raised and bolted on their frames, then they were placed on their wheels with all possible expedition, while simultaneously work was progressing on every portion of the machines, which were rapidly assuming perfect form. Water was let into the boilers, and even while men were working at the grates the fires were kindled and the "infants" began to warm up for their work. At last one of them is ready for the smoke stack, and is pulled along the track until she stops beneath the one designed for her, which hangs above her.

"Lower away, cast off your tackle, go ahead," and the yard engine pulls her out of the house and to another shop for completion, her constructors working as she moves, and busy hands being employed in fastening the bolts which hold the smoke stack in its place. A few moments more and the last screw is turned, the last bolt is fastened, the engineer stands in his place, and in just two hours and fifty-five minutes from the time the signal to commence was given, the throttle is pulled, and the first of the twins moves off completed, followed a moment later by her mate.

All the pieces of machinery connected with the locomotive had been finished and ready for use beforehand, but none had been fitted. On the same day, the two new engines made trips of seventy-six miles each and worked nicely.

An Ingenious Builder.

The nest of a tarantula (spider) has been found in California of the most singular construction. It is about three inches long by two in diameter, built in adobe, the wall being nearly half an inch thick. Inside of this is a projection which nearly divides it into two apartments about an inch in diameter. The inside is lined with a white downy substance, not unlike velvet, and presents one of the cleanest and most tidy little households imaginable. But the most curious part of it is a door, which fits into an aperture and closes it hermetically. The door is secured by a hinge, formed of a like fibrous substance as the lining of the house, and upon which it swings with freedom. The nest is occupied by a dozen little tarantulas, which seem to subsist on a yellow secreted substance that appears upon the walls of the front apartment. The arrangement of the door for the protection of its little inmates indicates great instinctive architectural knowledge.

Indians at Elko, Nevada.

We take the following description of a scene at Elko, Nevada, upon the arrival of a Union Pacific train from "Across the Continent." A crowd of Indians have come down from the dirty, smoke-blackened teepees on the bluff, and are pressing around the steps of the cars—women and children all of them, and all as dirty as their lodges. It is not for their picturesqueness certainly that we study them; there is none of the traditional feather and quill and beadwork, no plaited locks and braceleted and moccasin limbs, and no pretty, or even comely, faces. There is one old, dried up, withered, hideous squaw, who looks at least a hundred years old, an animated bundle of filthy calico, with a few matted gray locks blowing out from the ragged handkerchief around her head, and with a torn blanket wrapped about her shoulders. There are five or six stout, heavy women, anywhere from twenty to thirty, also covered with calico gowns, from which all vestige of color or pattern has departed, with faded, dirty blankets and handkerchief-hooded heads—hard-faced, repulsive-looking creatures, each with a thick, shaggy mane of jet-black hair hanging on her shoulders, and her papoose-basket and its mute, mummified little burden strapped on her back; and there are children of all sizes scampering after them—girls, gowned and blanketed and hooded like their mothers, and boys in calico leggings and blankets, some bare-headed and some with nondescript caps and hats. All of them, parents and children, unite in a guttural cry of "Muc-ca-muc-ca," and "Hungry!" and hold up their grimy hands for donations, as the train stops and the passengers descend. Crackers, stale cake, cheese, broken meats from ravaged luncheon-baskets—anything that can be eaten—is grabbed in ungrateful haste, and bundled up in the filthy blankets; and then the cry changes to "Money! money!" and all the grimy hands go up again, and on the grimy faces there is not a shadow of eagerness in the asking, or of disappointment at a refusal—nothing but sullen, fierce stolidity. Only the old squaw stands mutely in the background, hustled aside by the younger and more vigorous, and we single her out for an alms of cake and silver money, over which she closes her skeleton of a hand, with a positive smile puckering her face into wrinkles more multitudinous than ever.

In the meantime a brisk traffic is going on over the unconscious forms of the papooses, their parents refusing to lift the swathings of calico from their faces for any inducement short of "two bits"; and, as every woman on the train is crowding and crying out for a sight of them, the small coin circulated with amazing rapidity. The little unfortunates in question are of all ages, from a few weeks to eighteen months—all fat and dreadfully thriving, dirty as young pigs, and absolutely silent. Their so-called "baskets" consist of an oval board covered with stretched skins, in some cases ornamented with beadwork, upon which the child is bound by two flaps of skin laced across with raw hide; arms and legs alike imprisoned, and nothing but a round black head and a stolid face visible over the dirty bundle. Nor is this visible for more than a minute at a time, for—at least in the presence of the pale-faces—the poor little wretches are made yet more miserable by a calico rag twisted round their heads, and carefully secured lest a glimpse should be caught of the prize beneath.

How to Detect Married People.

The Deer Lodge (Montana) *News Northwest* lays down the following rules:

If you see a lady and gentleman disagree upon trifling occasions, or correcting each other in company, you may be assured they have tied the matrimonial noose.

If you see a silent pair in a car or stage lolling carelessly, one at each window, without seeming to know they have a companion, the sign is infallible.

If you see a lady drop her glove and a gentleman by the side of her kindly telling her to pick it up, you need not hesitate in forming your opinion; or

If you see a lady whose beauty and accomplishments attract the attention of every gentleman in the room but one, you can have no difficulty in determining their relationship to each other—the one is her husband.

If you see a gentleman particularly courteous, obliging and good natured, relaxing into smiles, saying sharp things, and toying with every pretty woman in the room excepting one, to whom he appears particularly cold and formal, and is unreasonably cross—who that one is nobody can be at a loss to discover.

The rules above quoted are laid down as infallible in just interpretation—they may be resorted to with confidence; they are based upon unerring principles and deduced from every-day experience.

Items of Interest.

Baked clay fence-posts are in use in Lehigh county, Pennsylvania.

Grave robbers—fellows who break open bank vaults without a smile.

Plevna means tears; and the Chicago *Times* says gently: "Tears have their time to fall."

The snow storms in the Balkans give Russian and Turk better opportunities for "sleighing."

A Texas dog, which was taken to Missouri, found his way back, 800 miles, to his old master's home.

Laura Bun, a young colored woman, is making speeches in Kentucky in favor of woman's rights.

A wholesale tea dealer is sometimes required to taste 150 cups a day, much to the detriment of his health.

One of our readers up town is a sort of sub-scriber. He takes the paper when the other man is not around.

Thirteen is an unlucky number of persons to sit down to dinner—if there is only enough to go around comfortably for twelve.

It is the custom among certain tribes in Siberia that when a woman is married, she must prepare the wedding dinner with her own hands.

In ancient times the candidates for athletic honors in Greece were dieted on new cheese, dry figs and boiled grain with warm water; no meat was allowed.

A mother seeing her little girl nearly asleep in her chair, asked her if she had not better go to bed. "Oh, no, mamma, I only shut my eyes to keep the dust out."

The man who goes around buying farms and getting change for a \$20 counterfeit bill, is now abroad in the land. When he comes along leave your foot-prints on him.

A sack-sewing machine has been invented at Napa, Cal. It cost \$3,000, and took the maker ten months to perfect it, but with two men it can turn out eight thousand sacks a day.

Elder Evans, of the Shakers, attributes to the use of animal food the thirst for intoxicating drinks. "I have found," he says, "by many years' experience, that whenever I get a man to abstain from use of flesh meats, much salt and other condiments, he easily leaves tobacco, alcohol and drugs."

Here is a story that teaches its own moral: Eliza Parker, a girl eighteen years of age, living on Torrence road, Cincinnati, with a piece of paper lighted a lamp, and threw the paper, still aflame, on the floor. By it her clothing was set on fire, and the poor girl was so badly burned that she died a few hours afterward.

Spontaneous Generation.

An interesting account of an experiment made to solve the question of "spontaneous generation," is given in the following letter by Professor Tyndall to Professor Huxley:

Though the question of "spontaneous generation" is, I believe, practically set at rest for the scientific world, you may possibly deem the following facts of sufficient interest to be communicated to the Royal Society. I brought with me this year to the Alps sixty hermetically sealed flasks, containing infusions of beef, mutton, turnip and cucumber, which had been boiled for five minutes and sealed during the ebullition. They were packed in sawdust, and when opened here the drawn out and sealed ends of six of them were found broken off. These six flasks were filled with organisms, the remaining ones were pellucid and free from life. Two or three of them were subsequently broken by accident, but for six weeks fifty of the flasks remained perfectly clear. At the end of this time I took twenty-three of them into a shed containing some fresh hay, and there snipped off their sealed ends with a pair of pliers. The air of the hay-loft entered to fill the vacuum produced by the boiling in London. Twenty-seven other flasks were taken immediately afterward to the edge of a declivity, which might also be called a precipice, with a fall of about one thousand feet. A gentle breeze was blowing from the mountains, partly snow-covered and partly bare-rock, toward the precipice. Taking care to cleanse my pliers in the flame of a spirit lamp, and to keep my body to the leeward of the flasks, I snipped off their sealed ends. The two groups of flasks were then placed in our own little kitchen, where the temperature varied from about sixty-five degrees to ninety degrees Fahrenheit. Result—twenty-one of the twenty-three flasks opened at the hay-loft are filled with the organisms; two of them remain clear. All the flasks opened on the edge of the precipice remain as clear as distilled water. Not one of them has given way.

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ARLINGTON, JAN. 5, 1878.

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MYSTIC VALLEY RAILROAD.

The Mayor and Aldermen of the city of Somerville and the selectmen of the towns of Medford, Winchester, Woburn and Wilmington have unanimously approved the location of the routes of the Boston and Mystic Valley Railroad, through the towns and city named. Last Saturday the gentlemen, having charge of the affairs of the proposed new road, met the Selectmen of Arlington, and the location within our limits was discussed. Two of the Selectmen opposed the location, and the hearing was adjourned until last Wednesday. Being still unable to agree, they have called a meeting of the legal voters of the town, at 7.30 o'clock, this (Saturday) evening, to express their opinion in regard to the matter. We would say that this permission by the Selectmen is sought to expedite matters, and obviate the expense of going before the Railroad Commissioners, who have full power to locate, and in view of the action of the other towns and cities would be likely to heed the wishes of the parties who are engaged in the enterprise. We hope there will be a full meeting on Saturday evening, so there may be no mistake as to the feeling of the town in regard to the enterprise. Speaking of it the Boston Journal says:—

"The character of the citizens on the line of the road having charge of its affairs, is a sure guaranty that its management will be such as to meet the approbation of its patrons and the public generally, by extending every facility that can consistently be granted; consequently they hurry for its success within a happy New Year."

The route of the proposed Railway is from the Boston and Maine station in Wilmington, through Wilmington, No. Woburn, Woburn Centre, Winchester, West Medford and Cambridge, crossing Charles river directly to the foot of Plinckney street, Boston, where the depot will be placed.

THE FRENCH EXPOSITION.

An effective and truly representative display of American industries at the approaching Paris Exposition will, we trust, be among the earliest solicitations of Congress. A liberal appropriation, in which no parsimonious feature shall appear, and one that will entitle our inventors and manufacturers to an enviable place among their rival exhibitors, will, in our opinion reflect the general sentiment of the country.

Aside from the commercial advantages which will, unquestionably, accrue from a creditable exhibition of our inventions and manufactures, a grateful recognition of the generous aid of France in the dark hours of our early existence, and the cordial relations, social and commercial, now subsisting between us, imperatively demand our hearty co-operation in this national enterprise. Even were it probable that such an appropriation would involve pecuniary loss, a sentiment of pride should prompt this evidence of sympathy with a nation whose form of Government owes its existence to and is modeled after our own republican institutions.

But even in the selfish aspect of a remunerative speculation, success cannot be problematical. It is an indisputable fact that the Vienna Exposition secured a foreign appreciation of our inventive skill and superior mechanism which years of ordinary commercial interchange could not have effected, and imparted an impetus to our manufacturing and mechanical interests which continues to be evidenced by repeated and remunerative demands upon our workshops and manufactories. Our own Centennial Exhibition generously patronized by foreign nations, notably by France, only confirmed the supremacy we had achieved when competing on European soil. We take it for granted that Congress will promptly vote a liberal sum to secure a creditable representation of American skill and industry, and that President Hayes will designate as Commissioners, gentlemen of high character and demonstrated ability in the various departments to which they may be assigned.

The most perilous hour of a person's life is when he is tempted to despond. The man who loses his courage loses all; there is no more hope of him than of a dead man; but it matters not how poor he may be, how much pushed by circumstances, how much deserted by friends, how much lost to the world; if he only keeps his courage, holds up his head, works on with his hands and with unconquerable will determines to be and to do what becomes a man, all will be well. It is nothing outside of him that kills, but what is within, that makes or unmakes.

THE PENN'S SUPPER.

The company which now have charge of Hose, No. 3, is preeminently social, nor is their sociability confined to themselves. On several occasions they have thrown open their doors and entertained a large company, but the most pleasant of all was that held on New Year's Eve. Their Hall was very tastefully decorated with flags and streamers, and one end (that next to the entrance) was embellished with pipes, butts, spanners, and other fire implements, arranged very tastefully, and on one side was the neatly painted motto,

"Like our namesake, Wm. Penn, We'll do our duty by our fellow men."

and underneath was one of the few extant copies of a very rare picture of Wm. Penn.

The supper tables occupied both sides and the upper end of the hall, and presented a very attractive appearance, and the company which gathered at the festive board enjoyed the good things provided, most heartily.

In the absence of Foreman Peirce, called away by sickness in his family, Mr. George Hill presided over the "after dinner" portion of the programme, and introduced Hon. John Schouler, chairman of the Board of Selectmen, as the first speaker. Mr. Schouler's familiarity with the history of the town supplies him with material for a speech on local affairs at any time, and his choice on this occasion was a happy one. He gave an account of the formation of a fire company of "ye olden time," in West Cambridge, the trouble had in procuring the machine, and the final choice of the name "Olive Branch," so appropriate under the circumstances. Mr. James Durgin was the next speaker, and he paid the company, a high compliment for their efficiency, and spoke a good word for the department generally. In response to the call upon him, Dr. R. L. Hodgdon gave a very interesting account of the growth of the fire engine, illustrating its progress through its various stages by interesting historical facts. I. O. Carter, Esq., referred to the promptness the company has always shown; said that the man whose house is on fire does not think of the expense of maintaining the department, and made a hit at closing by a play upon the name of the presiding officer—Hill.

Mr. Marcus Morton and John H. Hardy, Esq., favored the company with some excellent readings, the "Fuss at Fires," by Mr. Hardy, being especially pleasing to the audience, and Engineer Stearns, and Messrs. Poland and Kimball spoke briefly.

Foreman Lawrence, of Hose 4, of Somerville, and members of the Howard Engine, of Belmont, were present. About ten o'clock the gathering broke up, but most of the members and many friends remained "to see the old year out and the new year in," and finally, soon after the bell had rung out the knell of the dying year, the lights were extinguished, and all separated with kindly wishes for a "Happy New Year."

SONG AND STORY.

The fifth of the Bethel Lodge series was given by the "West-Cayvan Star Combination," last Tuesday evening, and the universal verdict was,—the best of the series. From the opening Duo Brilliant, (piano and cello) by Miss H. B. Cummings and Mr. Wulf Fries, to the closing duet, by the same artists, the enthusiasm of the audience rose by degrees, until each part was received with a storm of applause, and in every case we thought it honestly earned and well bestowed. Of Mr. Fries little need be said. He stands unrivalled as a soloist upon the cello, and he played with all his wonted taste and skill. Mrs. West, also, has a reputation already established, and never by the least carelessness or inattention allows it to be marred. Her portion of the programme was performed with the skill of the trained artist. "I cannot sing the old songs," given in response to an encore, was a gem. Miss Cayvan came before an audience entirely unacquainted with her except by reputation, but she won their hearts with her first appearance, and was obliged to respond to an encore in each instance. In voice, manner, ease of action, and interpretation of the author she is far in advance of any of the readers we have heard in Arlington, and has a brilliant future before her. Miss Cummings, pianist and accompanist, has a remarkable brilliant touch, and plays with great power and expression. In her "Polonaise Brilliant," with Mr. Fries, she won golden opinions from all, and although Mr. F. responded to the rapturous encore with "The Last Rose of Summer," (for which we were personally grateful) on his cello, it was Miss Cummings' playing that raised the enthusiasm of the audience, and to her the encore belonged. We were pleased to see the hall so well filled.

PLEASE CALL.—The office of the Advocate will be open each evening during next week for the special purpose of receiving renewals of subscriptions, or adding new names to our subscription list.

Genuine winter weather has come with the new year.

Narrow Gauge meeting, to-night.

INSTALLATION SERVICES.

The installation of Rev. J. Lewis Merrill, late of N. Chelmsford, Mass., as pastor of the Arlington Orthodox Congregational church, occurred last Thursday. The Council assembled in the afternoon, at two o'clock, and was made up of representatives from the following churches:—

Pearl Street Cong'l church, Nashua, N. H.; Eliot church, Lowell; 2d Cong'l church, No. Chelmsford; Shepard Memorial church, Cambridge; Prospect Street church, Cambridgeport; West Somerville church, West Somerville; Hancock church, Lexington; Waverley church, Waverley; Winchester church, Winchester; First Parish church, Charlestown; Trinitarian church, Bedford; Mystic church, Medford; Winthrop church, Charlestown.

Rev. Daniel R. Cady, D. D., was chosen moderator, and Rev. G. E. Lovejoy, of Bedford filled the position of scribe. After prayer by the Moderator, and reading of the minutes of the action of the church and society relating to extending the call, and the letter of acceptance of Mr. Merrill, the examination of the candidate was opened by the Moderator, and afterwards continued by members of the Council. For more than two hours the questionings went on, and however trying it may have been to the candidate, it was of rare interest to the large audience present, and the manner in which the answers were given, and in fact the whole proceedings, won for Mr. Merrill many friends, outside of the church. At five o'clock the Council voted to be by themselves.

At half past five o'clock the company sat down to a very bountiful supper, served in the vestry, and then, at seven o'clock, the public services of installation were held in the body of the church. After a voluntary on the organ, and the singing of an anthem by a double quartette, composed of Miss V. E. and L. S. Cutting, Mrs. G. H. Rugg, Miss Evelyn Fessenden, G. H. Rugg, A. Dwight Field, Geo. A. Field and C. S. Parker, the minutes of the Council were read by the Scribe, from which it appeared the vote to proceed to the installation services was unanimous, and they were continued in the following order:—

INVOCATION.

REV. C. H. BALDWIN, MEDFORD

READING OF SCRIPTURE.

REV. A. B. DASCOMB, WINCHESTER

HYMN.

With heavenly power, O Lord, defend Him whom we now to thee commend; Thy faithful messenger secure, And make him to the end endure.

Gird him with all-sufficient grace; Direct his feet in paths of peace; Thy truth and faithfulness fulfill, And arm him to obey thy will.

SERMON.

REV. CHAS. WEATHERBY, NASHUA

INSTALLING PRAYER.

REV. D. R. CADY, D. D., WESTBORO

Response—"Lift Thine Eyes."—Trio.

CHARGE TO PASTOR.

REV. J. M. GREENE, LOWELL

RIGHT HAND OF FELLOWSHIP.

REV. E. G. PORTER, LEXINGTON

CHARGE TO PEOPLE.

REV. ALEXANDER MCKENZIE, CAMBRIDGE

HYMN.

We bid thee welcome in the name Of Jesus, our exalted Head; Come as a servant, so be true, And we receive thee in his stead.

Come as a shepherd, guard and keep This fold from wolf and snare; Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep, The wounded heal, the lost bring in.

Come as a teacher sent from God, Charge his whole counsel to declare; Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod, While we uphold thy hands with prayer.

Come as a messenger of peace, Filled with the spirit, tread with love; Live to behold our large increase, And die to meet us all above.

PRAYER.

REV. A. W. BRYANT, W. SOMERVILLE

ANTHEM.

"Onward, Christian Soldier."

DOXOLOGY.

BENEDICTION BY THE PASTOR.

Rev. Charles Weatherby selected his text from Acts, 11:24.—"For he was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost, and of faith." His discourse was eloquent and scholarly, but our narrow limits will admit of no report of it or of the beautifully instructive charge to the pastor, by Rev. Mr. Greene, of Lowell. The right hand of fellowship, extended by Rev. E. G. Porter, of Lexington, was very hearty. His allusions to matters of local interest were most happy, and the cordiality of his welcome on behalf of the sister churches in this neighborhood will be fully sustained by word and deed, we are confident. Mr. McKenzie's charge to the people was unexpected in its tone and matter and was calculated to "stir up to remembrance," not only the people he was addressing, but all who heard his eloquent and impressive words, and the responsibilities forced upon them cannot be shaken off.

The exercises were quite protracted, but so interesting as not to become wearisome and closed with the benediction by pastor.

The presence of Dr. and Mrs. Cady enhanced the pleasure of all, especially at supper, when an opportunity to greet them was enjoyed.

The Massachusetts Legislature met Wednesday, and after organizing, listened to the election sermon by Rev. James L. Hill, of Lynn, in the new Old South Church. Senator J. B. D. Cogswell was unanimously re-elected President, and S. N. Gifford, Clerk. In the House, John D. Long was re-elected Speaker, and George A. Marden, Clerk. Sergeant-at-Arms Mitchell was also re-elected.

ELECTION.—The following is the list of officers chosen by Knights of Honor, No. 584, Arlington, at its last regular meeting. They will be installed on the evening of January 11th:—

Dictator.—C. B. Fessenden.
Vice Dictator.—J. W. Pierce.
Asst. Dictator.—I. O. Carter.
Chaplain.—H. J. Crosby.
Guide.—J. A. Marden.
Reporter.—Geo. H. Rugg.
Fin. Reporter.—R. S. Sawin.
Treas.—F. V. B. Kern.
Guardian.—W. H. Pattee.
Sentinel.—Thos. Higgins.
Rep. to G. Lodge.—A. D. Hoitt.
Alternate.—H. W. Huxley.
Trustees.—Jas. A. Marden, R. W. Siatuck, C. A. Libby.

The growth of this order in the United States has been wonderfully rapid. It is yet in its infancy, and still in a large majority of towns there are lodges, and the membership is increasing very rapidly. Of course there must be a cause for this, and we believe it is to be found in the intrinsic excellence of the Order itself. Banded together for mutual help, and by its constitution forming a mutual life insurance company, paying \$2,000 on the death of any member, it offers inducements such as no other organization (the German societies organized on a similar basis excepted) can extend, while the social and friendly relations established at the lodge meetings tend to give it a permanency second to no other secret organization. The Arlington Lodge enters upon its second year under most favorable circumstances, and we feel there is a bright future before it. The officers desire to increase the membership, and will gladly furnish information to any who will take interest enough to apply to them.

THE CHURCHES.

Rev. W. J. Parrot, of Jackson, Mich., will occupy the pulpit at the Unitarian church, next Sunday. In the evening the annual "New Year Concert" will be held in the vestry, commencing at 6.30. The prizes for constant and punctual attendance will be given, and the whole exercises pleasant. The public are invited.

Rev. J. Lewis Merrill, the newly installed pastor of the Orthodox church, will occupy his own pulpit on Sunday.

St. John's church. Sunday School at 10.15. Brief New Year's address, by the pastor, and the Holy Communion at 11.15. Evening Prayer at 7.30. The sermon, by the pastor, having special reference to the administration of confirmation, on the afternoon of the following Sunday, will be on the qualifications and requirements for that rite.

There will be no preaching service at the Baptist church next Sabbath afternoon. The Week of Prayer will be observed by special services at this church.

At the Universalist church the service will be appropriate to the new year. The Communion will follow the sermon. Subject of sermon,—Time Serving.

FESTIVAL.—Following a plan adopted a few years ago, the Sunday School connected with the Unitarian church had no festival at Christmas but deferred it until this week, Wednesday, when the annual New Year's Party was held. The little folks assembled at four o'clock, and enjoyed themselves with games until six, when supper was served. The tables looked beautifully. After supper the games were resumed, and the tables being re-arranged and prepared for the older portion of the company, they in turn were served with the good things so abundantly provided. About nine o'clock the party broke up, and the little ones will long have a pleasant remembrance of the party of 1878.

DID IT PAY.—Last summer the City of Cambridge sued the Town of Arlington for the support of Mary J. Harrington, a pauper alleged to have her residence in Arlington, for the amount of \$290. The town admitted its liability to the amount of about \$34, and to settle the case without a trial, offered to pay Cambridge \$100. The city refused this offer and insisted on the full amount. The case was argued before Judge Wilkinson, on Wednesday last, at East Cambridge, on an agreed statement of facts, by John H. Hardy, Esq., for the town of Arlington, and John W. Hammond, Esq., for the City of Cambridge. The Judge found for the City of Cambridge for \$34.62. Cambridge is still undecided whether gracefully to submit or carry the case to the Supreme Court.

I. O. O. F.—District Deputy J. K. Thompson, of Cambridge, and suite, visited Arlington, last Wednesday evening, and installed the following officers, of Bethel Lodge, No. 12, I. O. O. F., for the ensuing term:—

N. G., W. W. Rawson. V. G., F. P. Winn. R. S., Geo. Hill, Jr. P. S., Geo. Kirosh. Treas., W. L. Clark. R. S. of N. G., S. E. Kimball. L. S. of N. G., Geo. H. Rugg. R. S. of V. G., Wm. Rankin. L. S. of V. G., J. W. Marsh. Warden, J. McMillen. Com., Geo. A. Sawyer. R. S. S., C. Halsey. L. S. S., Geo. Russell. I. G., Ed. Russell. O. G., M. McLeod.

After the exercises, the Lodge and its guests sat down to a very fine collation.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union and the Massachusetts Total Abstinence Society propose to introduce temperance work in all the Sunday schools of the State, with the view of inculcating deeply in the minds of the young the importance of total abstinence from all that can intoxicate.

Wednesday evening there was an entertainment in the vestry of the Universalist church for the benefit of the Sunday school. The temperance drama, "The Tempter," was well brought out, and Dr. Frank Harris' laughable farce, "Class Day," made lively sport for all.

OUR CREDIT ABROAD.—Mr. G. W. Smalley, in his letter from London to the Tribune, deprecates the silver cry in Congress, and feels assured that nothing could be more fatal to the credit of the Government and more directly tarnish the honor of the people than the passage of the silver bill, as threatened in Washington. He says:

The English are profoundly reluctant to believe us capable of bad faith in any other respect; and they cannot bring themselves to suppose, for instance, that Mr. Bland and Mr. Stanley Matthews are representatives of the average morality of the American people in money matters; or that the Senate and House are ignorant enough or profligate enough to sanction a partial repudiation of the public debt. I may say for myself that I have never been more touched than by the incredulity I have heard proclaimed over and over again on this point during the last day or two. No Englishman whom I have met, no English writer I have read, can make up his mind to believe that the United States are ready to adopt a policy which the rest of the civilized world, without any exception whatever, will regard as flagrant dishonesty, to be followed by indelible dishonor.

SOCIABLE.—The postponing of the second of the Menotomy Royal Arch Chapter series to Friday evening was unfortunate, so far as the weather was concerned, and many of the tickets sold were not represented. The attendance was very good, however, and the entertainment furnished was highly satisfactory. Mr. John H. Wakefield, of Dedham, performed two flute solos, beautifully, showing himself a thorough master of the instrument and an artistic performer. He also gave a character representation (Irish) to the hearty enjoyment of all. The accompaniments to the flute solos were played by Mr. Charles Caplin, of North Avenue, and he also favored the audience with solos on the piano. Shortly after nine o'clock those who desired took partners for a quadrille, and we presume the balance of the evening was as pleasing to them as the first part was enjoyable to us.

SNOW STORM.—Early Friday morning the threatened snow began to fall, and it continued through the day, making passable sleighing, though only a few inches fell. At night it turned to rain, making the traveling very bad. We shall have to put this down as the first regular snow storm of the season.

We are of the opinion that our local traders and dealers make a mistake in not using the columns of the Advocate more freely. The circulation we now have makes this means of advertising cheaper and far better than any other. We presume no one needs to be told that advertising pays.

DANCE.—The "Laurel" Base Ball Club have made arrangements for a social tea party and dance, on the evening of Jan. 16. It will be given in Village Hall, E. Lexington, and we hope the many friends of the Club will all turn out and give them a rousing party.

The shoe store of Mr. Orin Nash, of East Lexington, was broken into last Monday night, and goods to the amount of about seventy dollars were stolen.

Another of those special parties, by the Wm. Penn Hose Co., will be held in their hall on the evening of Friday, January 11th.

The dropping of a break on the eight o'clock train from Lexington, made a short delay at the Arlington centre station, Friday morning.

The W. C. T. Union will hold their annual meeting for the election of officers, in Reynolds Hall, Tuesday, Jan. 8, at 3 o'clock. A full attendance is desired.

Next Wednesday evening another of those exceedingly pleasant Bethel Lodge series of parties will be held in the Lodge room.

Chicago has had a baby show, and now the mothers are looking sharp after the managers.

Next week will be observed as a "Week of Prayer."

"Beautiful snow" has come.

Subscribe for the Advocate, NOW.

[Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 31, 1877.

The rush, bustle and gayety of the Capitol has died away, and the hegira of tired Legislators has been woven into history. Here and there one lingers like some stray swallow in Autumn. Perhaps he has a fat place upon some Committee, with power to send for persons or papers, or perchance the draft upon his small (?) salary would be too great were he to journey to his distant home. The silence in the rotunda, halls and lobbies is broken now and then by an occasional football, reminding one of some "deserted Banquet hall." A few days, and the lobbyists,—men, women and buttonhole manipulators,—will return and the legislative machine, with all its side shows, will be set in motion.

Christmas, with its joys and festivities, is holding sway over young and old. What a wreath of happiness surrounds the young hearts these merry days. Washington boys and girls seem to be unusually joyous this year, and Santa Claus reigns supreme. What a pleasant memory these holidays leave in the hearts of children! An oasis, as it were, in the dull desert of the years' routine.

Whether we are to have the "Dollar of our Daddies," like Commander Vanderbilt's children, or the "Rag Baby," seems to have no influence upon the number of weddings here. The nuptial fever has become a regular epidemic, and old bachelors are fleeing for their lives. Dr. Mary Walker, that "what-is-it" of our city, appears daily on the street, hat, pants, cane and all. Her tiny feet encased in his snug fitting boots are its pride. His appearance attracts great attention, and she has as her lictors a crowd of small boys, who insist on laughing on all occasions. She has brought suit against the Government for a year's payment. He says she was ready and willing to work, but was unassigned,—ergo it wants pay. The Comptroller held (just as a joke) that she should be paid, but the incorrigible official who hands out the money determined that neither he, she, or it should be paid for service not rendered. Exit the festive Mary—pants and all, in high dudgeon.

The red sand stone structure known as the Smithsonian Institute, with its beautiful grounds, is an attraction to every one visiting Washington. Its history is a romantic one, and not generally known. An Englishman, but 11 years old when the Declaration of Independence was signed, who lived during the war of 1812, and who never stepped foot into this country, had an intimate friend here, and only one. When the former died, in 1829, at Genoa, he left a large estate to a nephew, upon the condition that should he die childless the money should go to the United States, to found at Washington, "an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." The nephew died without an heir, and the \$500,000.00 was left to the U. S. after two years litigation in England, Richard Rush, the Agent for this country, succeeded in getting to New York eleven boxes of gold, or half a million dollars. The money was loaned to Arkansas first, and was squandered by that state, the bonds given as security were repudiated, and of course the money all lost. The Government, as custodians, made an appropriation to cover the amount, and in 1847 the corner stone of the present Smithsonian (named after the donor Smithsonian) was laid. The fund now amounts to \$714,000. The library numbers 75,000 volumes. The present great need is more room. Of the forty governments represented at the Centennial, thirty-four gave the choicest of their exhibits to this Institution. The presents were valued at \$500,000 and are now packed in boxes, rusting and mouldering, awaiting the tardy action of Congress in providing room for their display.

A bright story is told of the late Mrs. General Hooker, as former belle of Washington society. At an evening party a fashionable young dandy was asked if he wished to be presented to her. "Oh yes," said he languidly, "trot her out." She overheard the remark, and when he was presented, she adjusted her eye glasses, and looking him over from foot to shirt collar quickly remarked, with a graceful wave of the hand, "Trot him back, I have seen all there is of him." FAX.

HOLIDAY SEASON.

[Correspondence.]

NEW YORK CITY, Dec. 30, 1877.

The Holiday season is upon us, and in spite of the cry of "hard times" the wondrously pleasant weather has tempted shoppers to surge our streets and open their purses until the dealers are compelled to admit it to be a fairly profitable one.

December, 1877, contrasts strangely with that of 1876. On the day before Christmas then the thermometer fell to one degree below zero, and on the 25th there was a violent storm, six inches of snow fell, followed by rain, and travel was much impeded; this year the month has seemed more like October.

Union Square has presented a verdure surprising, and some days there has been a haze in the distance like our Indian Summer. Toward the last of November a little had brought in to me a beautiful butterfly he had secured as it fluttered about the square. It had evidently been beguiled by the atmosphere to believe it a June day, lost in December. But enough about the weather, which has been so beautiful and acceptable to all, and go with me from the corner of Broadway and 14th street, through 14th street, to 6th avenue. At this point the crowd culminates at the store of R. N. Macy & Co. Leaving the inside to be imagined, containing toys, books, candles, and nearly everything one can think of, we will return to 14th street, which has labored with a stream of humanity carrying packages of every sort to their homes for expectant ones, to be brought forth on that feast day whose coming "age cannot wither nor custom stale." What a blessed time it is for the little people who believe so ardently in the coming of Santa Claus! I would not dispel the illusion, for soon enough years will bring the fact that the old fellow is a myth, and the eight tiny reindeers he urges on so sternly, "Now Dasher," etc., are only fabulous ones. We need more of this enlivening spirit in our Yankee nature, and let these holy days bring out the mirthful and generous feelings. The expression in the face of the people presents a spectacle to be enjoyed. A mother with young child-

ren could hardly make her way on Broadway, for the eager vendors of toys would dart before you with the cry "popguns, 10 cents!" and here's just the thing to hang on the Christmas tree, Madame, 2 for 5 cents, etc.

The New England Society gave its annual dinner at Delmonico's, Madison Square, on the anniversary of forefather's day, Dec. 22d, and President Hayes and Secretary Evans added to its *clat*. Every plate was taken, and even a smaller room was added for its numbers. It is, as its name indicates, a society composed of men of N. E. birth, and there are very many in this city. The reports of the speeches were given in the daily papers and afford entertainment to readers, as they come from men of talent and eminence.

Sixth avenue has been a resort for trade, but now it is torn up by workmen busy building an elevated railway, similar to that on 9th avenue. The store keepers there wear long visages, fearing it will injure their trade, even after it is finished. They think carriage people will not come there, for the noise of the engine will frighten the horses. This is in the middle of the avenue, directly over the horse cars and of sufficient height to allow the cars to pass under. The question of rapid transit has long been agitated here. Previously it has taken so much time to get back and forth from New York that people doing business in the city were compelled to live in small quarters and within the limits of the crowded city. Many persons conquer their prejudice for the elevated cars after riding in them a few times. They are much cleaner and more comfortable than the horse cars here. The fashionable world will rejoice if New Year's Day is as fair as Christmas, for the old Knickerbocker custom of receiving calls is kept up. We will hope it may be, and close, saying heartily, "God bless the Old Year."

Bedford Locals.

The Directors of the N. G. R. R. meet the creditors of the company to-day (Thursday) to try and agree upon some terms of settlement. A meeting of the stockholders is called for Monday, January 7, to act upon the question of going into bankruptcy. The vote to do so, passed at the last meeting, owing to some informality, was void, it now appears, and now there is a chance, we hope more reasonable counsel will prevail and that no such vote will be passed. We believe a reasonable settlement can be made with the creditors, and the town of Billerica owes it to herself to take every step to prevent bankruptcy, rather than urging it forward.

W. A. Lane & Co. had a successful auction sale of wood and timber, for O. W. Fiske, Esq., last Thursday. Mr. Fiske is largely engaged in farming operations, and evidently understands his business, notwithstanding it is a side issue with him, his regular business being in Boston. His farm is one of the most pleasantly located and largest in town, comprising 220 acres, with three houses, two large barns, and other out buildings. He is keeping 49 milch cows this winter, besides other stock. The sale of wood and timber was for the purpose of clearing the land for pasture. He intends to improve his farm so as to keep one hundred cows, summer and winter. He also gives a good deal of attention to fruit raising, has over 1000 apple trees, besides other kind of fruit tree on the farm; does something in horse raising; knows a good horse when he sees one, and likes to drive them. He resides at Lexington centre through the winter.

The Ladies' Benevolent Society, connected with the Orthodox Society, met with Mr. O. J. Lane, last Wednesday afternoon and evening, and it was very largely attended and enjoyable. About one hundred were present, filling his pleasant and commodious house. It was the annual meeting.

A. T. Bacon, Esq., formerly superintendent of the American Watch Factory, at Waltham, has removed to Bedford, his native town, after an absence of twenty-five years. He has moved into the house occupied by his father, which has been thoroughly renovated and fitted up with modern improvements.

The feeding and lodging of tramps seems to be the principal business done, just now. Seven hundred and thirty have been entertained since last March. Where do they all come from?

W.E.B.

A MERRY HEART.—I'd rather be poor and merry than inherit the wealth of the Indies, with a discontented spirit. A merry heart, a cheerful spirit, from which laughter wells up as naturally as bubble the springs of Saratoga, are worth all the money bags, stocks and mortgages of the city. The man who laughs is Doctor, with a diploma endorsed by the school of Nature; his face does more good in a sick room than a pound of powders or a gallon of bitter draughts. If things go tight he laughs, because he is pleased, if they go wrong he laughs, because it is better and cheaper than crying. People are always glad to see him, their hands instinctively go half way to meet his grasp, while they turn involuntarily from the clammy touch of the dyspeptic, who speaks on the groaning key. He laughs

you out of your faults, while you never dream of being offended with him; it seems as if sunshine came into the room with him, and you never know what a pleasant world you are living in until he points out the sunny streaks on its pathway. Who can help loving the whole souled, genial laughter? Not the buffoon, nor the man who classes noise with mirth—but the cheery, contented man of sense and mind! A good-humored laugh is the key to all breasts. The truth is that people like to be laughed at in a genial sort of way. If you are making yourself ridiculous, you want to be told of it in a pleasant manner, not sneered at. And it is astonishing how frankly the laughing population can talk without treading on the sensitive toes of their neighbors. Why will the people put on long faces, when it is so much easier and more comfortable to laugh? Tears come to us unsought and unbidden. The wisest art in life is to cultivate smiles, and to find the flowers where others shrink away for fear of thorns.

A GENTLE HINT.—In our style of climate, with its sudden changes of temperature—rain, wind and sunning often intermingled in a single day.—It is no wonder that our children, friends and relatives are so frequently taken from us by neglected colds, half the deaths resulting directly from this cause. A bottle of Boschee's German Syrup kept about your home for immediate use will prevent serious sickness, a large doctor's bill, and perhaps death, by the use of three or four doses. For curing Consumption, Hemorrhages, Pneumonia, Severe Coughs, Croup, or any disease of the Throat, or Lungs, its success is simply wonderful, as your druggist will tell you. German Syrup is now sold in every town and village on this continent. Sample bottles for trial 10c.; regular size, 75c.

Marriages.

In Arlington, Dec. 31, by Rev. C. H. Spalding, at the residence of W. E. Wood, Esq., Mr. George F. Freeman and Miss Annie W. Wood, both of Arlington.

Special Notices.

ARLINGTON FIVE CENTS SAVINGS BANK, SPECIAL NOTICE.

At the Annual Meeting of the Corporation of the Arlington Five Cents Savings Bank, held December 18th, 1877, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—

President.—Albert Winn.
Vice Presidents.—George C. Russell, Wm. E. Parmenter, Wm. F. Homer.

Trustees.—Albert Winn, Geo. C. Russell, Wm. E. Parmenter, Wm. F. Homer, Nathan Robbins, John Osborn, James A. E. Bailey, John Schouler, Step. Symmes, Jr., Geo. Y. Wellington, David P. Green, Wm. G. Peck, Wm. Proctor and Geo. Hill.

Secretary and Treasurer.—Abel R. Proctor.

Board of Investment.—Albert Winn, David P. Green, Wm. G. Peck.

All the above-named persons have accepted said offices, and have been qualified for the same by being duly sworn.

Attest: ABEL R. PROCTOR, Secretary.
Arlington, Dec. 31, 1877. Jan 5-1w

DISSOLUTION OF COPARTNERSHIP.

The partnership heretofore existing under the firm name of C. F. Hartwell & Co., is this day dissolved, by mutual consent. The business will be continued by Mr. C. F. Hartwell.

C. F. HARTWELL,
R. BYRON HARWOOD.

Arlington, Jan. 1, 1878. Jan 5-3w

C. F. HARTWELL, CARPENTER, BUILDER AND ARCHITECT.

Jobbing of all kinds promptly done. Mosquito Frames, Doors and Hot-Bed Sash made to order. Designs and Estimates furnished. Shop on Court Street, Arlington, Mass. Jan 5-1y

Send your orders for J O B PRINTING to this office. All work well and promptly done.

LOST,

ON the evening of Dec. 21st, between Arlington centre and Russell's Hotel, a heavy, yellow Horse Blanket. If the finder will leave the same at the H-tel, or with the owner, Jacob H. Hutchinson, it will be thankfully received.

dec 23-2w J. H. HUTCHINSON.

J. I. PEATFIELD, DENTIST, ARRLINGTON, MASS.

Rooms in Bank Building lately occupied by DR. C. HOUGHTON.

REFERENCES.—Messrs. William P. and Francis Sargent, Boston; Dr. H. J. Cushing, Mr. Frank E. Little, Rev. W. H. Hubbard, Merrimack, Mass.

M. A. RICHARDSON & CO., Agents for the ARLINGTON ADVOCATE, \$1.50 per year.

CHAS. SCHWAMB & SON, Manufacturers of

Picture, Mirror & Wreath FRAMES!

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION. PICTURES FRAMED

in every style, at moderate rates. Work entrusted to us will be promptly executed, in the best manner. Parties having Frames to re-gild, will find it to their advantage to give us a call at our

Office and Manufactory, LOWELL STREET, ARLINGTON, MASS.

P. O. Address, Arlington Heights. Arlington, Dec. 15, 1877.—3m

F. A. FESSENDEN

would inform the citizens of Arlington and vicinity that he has bought Mr. Ober's Furniture business, and is put in a large assortment of new styles of Paper Hangings, and intends to keep a good stock of Furniture, Bedding, Window Shades, Tassels, Picture and Curtain Cord, Carpet Linings and Thread, Oil Cloth, Rugs, &c.

Mr. Fessenden is a practical Carpet Maker and Oil Finisher, and has a practical Carpet and Furniture Upholster in his employ, and feels confident of pleasing all who may patronize him, both in work and prices.

Arlington, Oct. 13, 1877.—4f

MRS. J. E. SMITH, PRACTICAL DRESS MAKER,

CHARLESTOWN ST., ARLINGTON. Dresses Cut by Actual Measurement, and Warranted to Fit.

Arlington, Sept. 29, 1877.—4f

Pleasant Street Market.

J. A. Goodwin, DEALER IN PROVISIONS,

of all kinds. SALT AND FRESH MEATS, CORNED AND SMOKED HAMS, AND VEGETABLES, of every variety, in their season. Also, FRESH BUTTER AND CHEESE AND CANNED FRUIT.

Goods delivered in any part of the town FREE OF CHARGE.

PLEASANT STREET, next door to New Savings Bank, Arlington, Mass.

Arlington, Oct. 14, 1876.—4f

MRS. R. RENWICK Artistic Dress Maker.

ARLINGTON, Takes pleasure in thanking the ladies of Arlington and vicinity for their valuable patronage in the past.

Being now located in convenient and commodious rooms, at the junction of

Arlington Avenue and Charlestown St., I feel warranted in saying that they are the best for my business, and with my unequalled

TAILOR SYSTEM of cutting and fitting, no other dress maker in town can cut and fit a dress with so much beauty and rapidly as myself.

Those who have seen specimens of my work need no further recommendation. To any others I would say that I learned my trade of Messrs. Richmond & Co., Broadway, N. Y. That afterwards I took charge of the dressing department of J. W. Proctor & Co., Chestnut St., Philadelphia, and since then have been employed at various times by H. H. White & Co., Sheppard, Lowell & Co., Silas S. Drew & Co., and William Lamson & Co., Boston.

Only first class work will be done, as I have superior help, and give to each garment my personal attention and supervision.

An assortment of Patterns, and the latest Paris and New York Fashions always on hand.

Please call and examine.

Arlington, April 28, 1877.—4f

Agent for Fiske's Small Pistol.

ARLINGTON AVENUE.

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W. H. H. TUTTLE, Attorney & Counsellor-at-Law.

EVENING OFFICE, ROOM NO. 5, SAVINGS BANK BUILDING, nov10-4f ARLINGTON.

H. W. HILL, Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes.

Women's and Misses' Boots and Shoes, Men's and Boys' Boots and Shoes, Congress Boots for sale.

Repairing promptly attended to. Arlington Avenue, corner of Bucknam Court, Arlington, Mass.

E. E. UPHAM, Dealer in Beef, Pork, Ham, Tripe, Lamb, BUTTER, EGGS AND CHEESE.

Vegetables Fruit, &c., POULTRY AND GAME, in their season.

Arlington Avenue, Arlington, Mass.

Orders for any articles of Poultry and Game not in store, promptly furnished.

Goods delivered in Arlington and Belmont, free of expense.

AMMI HALL, Carpenter and Builder,

ARLINGTON AVENUE, ARLINGTON, MASS.

Jobbing and Repairing promptly done. Particular attention given to fitting up Bath Rooms. Window and Door Screens made to order.

Arlington, June 16, 1877.—1y

ATTENTION! REMOVAL!

ABEL LAWRENCE, HARNESS MAKER, Arlington, Mass., next door to Hill & Gott, and opposite Arlington House.

Trunks and Valises Repaired.

New works of every description, in the best manner. Repairing, in all its branches, promptly attended to.

July 3-4

BASEMENT TO LET.

The front half of the basement of No. 2, Swan's Block, Arlington Avenue, suitable for any mechanical business, will be let on very reasonable terms.

C. S. PARKER.

HENRY J. WELLS, Attorney & Counsellor-at-Law.

Will practise in all the Courts, and give special attention to drafting Wills, and to general Probate Business.

OFFICE, 15 PEMBERTON SQUARE, BOSTON

Residence, 5 Bigelow St., Cambridge.

GEO. Y. WELLINGTON, General Fire Insurance Ag't,

Room 5, Savings Bank Building, Arlington, Mass.

Office hours—Saturdays from 7 to 9 o'clock, p. m.

ESTABLISHED, 1821.

WM. L. CLARK & CO., Carriage Painters, Trimmers AND Harness Manufacturers.

A good assortment of Blankets, Halters, Surcingles, Whips, Carbs, Combs and Brushes.

Repairing neatly and promptly executed.

Arlington Avenue, Arlington, Mass.

H. W. HILL, DEALER IN Leather Boots and Shoes, MEN'S, YOUTHS' AND BOYS' RUBBER BOOTS.

Also, Ladies', Misses' and Children's Fine Kid and Goat Boots,—all styles and varieties.

Very low rent enables me to sell at very low prices. FOR CASH.

ARLINGTON CARRIAGE REPOSITORY.

This well known establishment has on hand, for sale or exchange, a large variety of new and second hand

CARRIAGES, WAGONS, TOP and OPEN BUGGIES, CARRYALLS, GODDARD BUGGIES, PHEATONS, open & top, HARNESSSES, and every thing in this line.

Carriage Painting and Repairing, in all its branches, executed in first class order, and warranted to give perfect satisfaction, or no charge. CARRIAGES, of all descriptions, built to order. Express Work a Specialty.

E. P. HENDERSON.

Arlington, Aug. 4, 1877.—3m

H. B. MITCHELL, DEALER IN Fresh, Smoked and Salt Fish, OYSTERS, CLAMS, LOBSTERS, &c.

Arlington Avenue, Arlington, Mass.

Goods delivered in any part of the town, FREE OF CHARGE.

Orders for goods not on hand promptly filled.

42-4f

EMBOSSED PICTURES.

We are just opening a full line of Fancy Boxes, Paperettes, Cornucopias, Scrap Books, Autograph Albums, Floral and other Cards, Surprise Pictures, Confectionary Boxes in great variety, and all Fancy Paper goods; Perforated Card Board, Fancy Papers, Borders, Gift Ornaments, etc. Valued times in their season at wholesale and retail.

Teachers, Churches, Fairs and Sabbath Schools supplied at low rates.

Pottery Pictures, and materials for decorating same.

We shall receive by every steamer all the new and desirable

EMBOSSED PICTURES as usual.

21 J. BAIRD, 21 Bedford St., 21

nov 23-2m BOSTON.

JOB PRINTING, of all kinds, executed at this office.

Legal Advertisements.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE.

To JOHN S. PINKHAM and all persons interested.

PURSUANT to, and in execution of, the power and authority contained in the mortgage given by John S. Pinkham to me, dated April 28th, A. D. 1873, and recorded with Middlesex Deeds, at the Southern District, Registry, book 1290, page 327, and for breach of the condition of said mortgage, in the non-payment of the amount due thereon, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, I shall sell at public auction, on the premises hereinafter described (being all the premises described in said mortgage, except what has been already released by me), on SATURDAY, the twelfth day of January next, to wit, January 12th, 1878, at three o'clock in the afternoon.

The parcel of land situated in Arlington, in said County of Middlesex, bounded as follows:—Beginning at the easterly corner thereof, at other land of said Pinkham, and running southeasterly, 22 rods, 21 links; thence northeasterly, 6 rods and 17 links; thence more westerly, 3 rods, 10 links; thence more northerly, 26 rods, 9 links; thence northeasterly, 1 rod, 18 links; thence northeasterly, 42 rods, 5 links; thence northeasterly, 11 rods, 11 links; thence northeasterly, 11 rods, 11 links; thence more easterly, 3 rods, 7 links; and thence southeasterly, 34 rods, to the point of beginning.

A parcel of land situated in said Arlington, adjoining the above lot, and bounded as follows:—Northwesterly by land formerly of Thos. P. Pierce, now of the Arlington Land Company, 21 rods, 17 links; southeasterly by land formerly of Jno. F. Brown, of said Company, and by Spring Ponds, about 85 rods, 7 links; southeasterly by land formerly of said Jonathan Frost, about 292 feet, and northeasterly by land of James Prentice and others, and the parcel above described, about 142 feet. Containing by estimation eleven acres and three quarters.

NATHAN ROBBINS.

Arlington, Dec. 17, 1877.—3w

Commonwealth of Massachusetts PROBATE COURT.

MIDDLESEX, SS

To the devisees and all persons interested under the will of George Pierce, late of Arlington, in said County, deceased.

GREETING:

WHEREAS, Frederick B. Cutting, Administrator, with the will annexed, of the estate of said deceased has presented to said Court, his petition, praying that he may be authorized by said Court, to procure a certain claim, or demand of Leonel Pitts, against the estate of said testator. You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the second Tuesday of January next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same. And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once a week, for three successive weeks, in the *Arlington Advocate*, a newspaper printed at Arlington, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court.

By said Court, to be held at Cambridge, on the second Tuesday of January next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-seven.

J. H. TYLER, Register.

Guardian's Sale of Real Estate in Arlington.

By virtue of a license from the Probate Court, within and for the County of Middlesex, will be sold, at public auction, on the premises, on FRIDAY, January 18, A. D. 1878, at three o'clock P. M., a certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in Arlington, in said County of Middlesex, and bounded northerly by Lake Street, 26 feet; northeasterly by land late of Edward Little, 300 feet; northeasterly by land of heirs of late Addison Gage, 208 feet; and southeasterly by said heirs of Addison Gage, 300 feet; and subject to a Mortgage to the Arlington Five Cents Savings Bank for twelve hundred dollars.

Terms made known at Sale.

AMES DURGIN, Guardian of Henry C. Durgin.

Arlington, Dec. 29, 1877.—3w

For Sale or to Let.

TENEMENT TO LET, IN ARLINGTON.

FOR

Cases of Mistaken Identity.

Mistaken identity is a fruitful theme in the hands of the novelist, and here are three cases from New York, which may aid the production of the ever approaching American novel. A son identified a body at the morgue as that of his father, who, however, made his appearance after the coroner's inquest had been held, and, as a prisoner, was on the eve of being tried for his taking off. In another case the father of a family was met on the street by one of his children while his supposed remains were awaiting burial at his residence. In the courts another curious case came up the other day. The accused was, fortunately, able to prove he was not the criminal but "some other fellow," and so saved himself from the penitentiary.

From Washington.

The House sub-committee on Mexican border affairs have been taking testimony as a basis for future operations.

The treasury department reports the appearance of a new counterfeit five dollar note on

I Never Felt Better.
Such is the verdict after taking a dose of Quirk's
Irish Tea. Sold in packages at 25 cents.

SHELDON & COMPANY,
8 Murray Street, New York

[illegible]

OF WILD CHERRY.

ONE AND \$1 A BOTTLE	SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.	DUNDAS DICK & CO.'S Genuine Soft Cap
ONE AND \$1 A BOTTLE	SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.	vials containing Oil of Sandalwood sold at all dr-
ONE AND \$1 A BOTTLE	SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.	uggists. Ask for circular or send for one to US and S
ONE AND \$1 A BOTTLE	SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.	Manning Street, New York.
ONE AND \$1 A BOTTLE	SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.	NAMES: